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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

To a Baby Aboard the Peace Ship

Wee tow-head—listen: You are eight months old,
And squirmy-queer, as yet, and occupied
With teething, and the little, cozy fold
Of two strong mother-arms. And yet you ride
(No, listen; pray don't squirm and suck your lip)
Upon a strange and wonder-freighted ship.

Wee tow-head—If you could but understand
The love that bears us company today,
The high emprise that sights a Vision-land,
If you could see the gleaming rainbow play
Of hope that shines about us in the sun,
Where great waves heave and little ripples run!

Wee tow-head—when you're grown to be a man,
It will have come, perhaps the Wonder-time;
It will have borne its fruit—the eager plan;
We shall have won the moon toward which we climb.
And you—who are so squirmy-queer and small,
Remember—you were here, amidst it all.

—MIRIAM TEICHNER
In the Argosy Printed on Board the Ford Peace Ship

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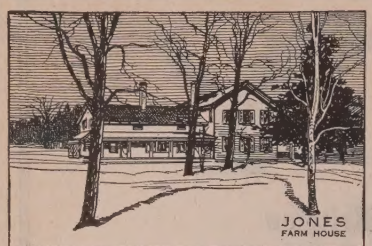

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVI. THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1916 NUMBER 20

Scravenhage, January 9, 1916.

All Souls Church, Chicago.

Party arrived this morning. Very well. Cannot sail until fifteenth. Final arrangements for continuing work still before us. Will wire date of sailing later.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

The world of women today is spending considerable time and energy on the subject of beautifying the face, and some of the more enlightened beauty doctors have the wisdom to prescribe "beauty of thought" as the best method of securing beauty of countenance. Who in the audience could have heard the minister as he read the morning lesson from one of Paul's letters to the Corinthians, and not been impressed from his countenance that he has always thought on "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report"? M. B. P.

The annual report of Miss Julia Lathrop, head of the Children's Bureau, indicates an appalling need of just such work as she is doing. She says the mortality among children in industrial and mining centers is double what it should be; also that in millions of instances both children and parents are illiterate; that too many children work too hard, too many are undernourished and too many are lonely and uncared for, and she asks Congress for a very modest sum of money with which to try to give some modicum of justice to these "little citizens." *The Public,* in a vein of fine sarcasm, says:

> There is little doubt that many of the near-statesmen at Washington will think Miss Lathrop very inconsiderate to issue such a report at the present time. She should not permit herself to become so absorbed in her own work that she forgets the needs of other departments of the Government. The Army and Navy Departments were in the field before her. President and Congress are wrestling with their problems. What can the men who direct the affairs of the nation think of the head of the Children's Bureau who suggests at this time the advisability of looking after the children of the nation? She should know that this will take money; and how can we spare the thousands of dollars called for by the Children's Bureau when a half billion dollars is needed to begin the two-billion-dollar plan of preparedness? Suppose 134 infants in 1,000 do die in the first twelve months; the stork will bring more. Dreadnaughts must be paid for; children can be had for nothing. Why all this bother about saving the children when we are preparing to kill the men?
>
> A. L. K.

One of our local poets a few months ago presented an autographed copy of his poems to a man he called friend, and must have been edified at his friend's expression of appreciation, which was: "I wish you'd have given me a dog, for then I could have drowned it." Which, being explained and amplified, means that the gentleman, while "having no use for a dog in the city," has still less use for poetry at any time or place, and will not be persuaded, though a thoughtful man, that there can be any sense or pleasure or profit in poetry. Oh, the pity of it! To lose all the lift and prophecy of life by refusing to recognize the poet; to lose the lilt and rhythm of life by closing the heart to the music of poetry. Ever are the poets the prophets and teachers. M. B. P.

The tragic death of Miss Catherine Goggin came as a great shock to the thousands of public school teachers of Chicago. Largely to her they are indebted for the more adequate recognition and compensation which came largely through the persistency of her fighting qualities and her firm belief in the righteousness of her cause. Beyond her influence as the legal defender of this large class of hard working people, however, she has done much to rouse women generally to a consciousness of civic responsibility, and evidently her political and official enemies are quite ready to join her many admirers in granting to her the meed of praise which belongs to a good, sincere, indefatigable woman who gave her life in the effort to secure fair play for her sisters and a better future for the world.

A. L. K.

UNITY extends a hearty greeting and hand-clasp to the two distinguished gentlemen now sojourning in Chicago, Stanton Coit and Alfred Noyes. With this greeting we must voice our regret that many will be denied the privilege of hearing the messages of these two great thinkers, as haste on the part of one of them, and Chicago's "magnificent distances" interfering with the other, preclude the possibility. But our disappointment may be somewhat assuaged by the ability to read some of their thoughts, and so UNITY commends to its readers the published work of Alfred Noyes, many of whose poems have been printed in its pages and have given keenest pleasure. Some of these poems, in two volumes, are published under the title "Lucifer's Feast," and will prove to an earnest reader that the poet has a message for today.

As for Stanton Coit, if he had never done anything else than to give us "The Message of Man," we should everlastingly be his debtors. This little book, about

the same size of "De Imitatione Christi," is one of the greatest ethical volumes ever produced, and proves the extreme patience and scholarliness of Dr. Coit in its compilation, for it is a collection of the highest thought of spiritual men of all ages; and as Dr. Coit himself said of the author of "De Imitatione Christi," he has "sifted the Christian sands of his time and gathered up a little measure full of the grains of gold." And while these nuggets of thought are gathered from all ages and peoples, they are the best utterances concerning the moral life of man, and form not an unrelated mass but a collection so closely related that the whole might easily be imagined to be the work of one highly spiritualized individual. It is one of the few books that one wants ever at his hand—on bedside table or on business desk for one brief glance, it may be, night and morning. "The Message of Man" is a rare book. M. B. P.

"The-Goblins-Will-Get-You" argument is the apt way in which several exchanges have christened the hysterical and wholly imaginary "bogey" of national danger which is made the cowardly excuse for floods of eloquence, the fallacious basis for urging the assumption by the people of financial burdens almost beyond computation; and last but not least, seeks to revivify and bring to lusty strength the spirit of militarism, which left alone in this busy, prosperous country would have a very fair chance of dying a nice, easy death from inanition.

The New Head of Tuskegee

Major Robert Roussa Moton, the newly appointed head of the Tuskegee Institute, from all reports would seem to bear all the characteristics of a real leader, physically and mentally as well as morally. He is described as a man of about forty-five years, of massive build, of pure African blood, splendid health and a normally optimistic outlook on life generally and his life work in particular.

Of him his close friend in whose footsteps he is to follow once said:

> He is chock-full of common sense. He is a man who makes you believe in him from your first contact with him and at the same time makes you love him. Education has not spoiled him as it seems to have done in the case of some other educated negroes. He has not learned to hate or distrust any class of people, and he is just as ready to show a kindness to a white man as to a black man. He thoroughly understands both races.

A brief extract from a Tuskegee Commencement Address made by Major Moton will prove the wisdom of the trustees of this wonderful institution in their choice of a successor to its much honored and lamented founder, Booker T. Washington.

> You and I belong to an undeveloped, backward race that is rarely for its own sake taken into account in the adjustment of man's relation to man, but is considered largely with reference to the impression which it makes upon the dominant Anglo-Saxon. The question which the American nation must face, and which the negro as a part of the nation must soberly and dispassionately consider, is the mutual, social, civic and industrial adjustment of two races, differing widely in characteristics and diverse in physical peculiarities, but alike suspicious and alike jealous, and alike more or less biased and prejudiced, each toward the other.
>
> But I believe that, unless democracy is a failure and Christianity a mockery, it is entirely feasible and practicable for the white and black races of America to develop side by side, in harmony and mutual helpfulness each toward the other, each making its contributions to the wealth and culture of our beloved country.

A. L. K.

Editorial Correspondence

Extract from a Family Letter

We have had what I consider a very good trip, though the captain says it has been rough, and going in the teeth of the wind made progress slow. This morning at about 10:30 we entered the "war zone" and may sight an English ship at any moment that will convey us to Kirkwall, Scotland, where we may be held one, two or three days, and then through the North Sea to Christiansand, where our letters will be mailed, then to Christiana, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Holland, probably through Germany.

This morning we visited the Marconi Tower and saw all the workings of that most wonderful invention. This ship, Oscar II, has sent out a larger number of words than any other ship has ever sent. All the ship's company as far as I can tell work day and night. I am not going to write all the interesting things about the voyage concerning details of the trip, personalities, etc., for there is little certainty about mail, etc.

The surprising thing is about Mr. Jones, I think he is growing younger every day, has not missed a meal, not been sick once, exercised daily and has been taken by the movie man playing leap frog with his reverend brethren. Last night he was arrested and carried to the press room on the upper deck on the charge of being a militarist, and we had no end of fun. Rev. Aked was also dragged from his berth and charged with being a German spy on account of his accent, which is unequivocally English. He made a very brilliant defense, while Mr. Jones asked for an interpreter on account of his ignorance and poverty. Welsh is the only tongue he knew and he gave it to them.

There are sixty-one reporters on board all hunting for sensational stories. Their attitude to what it was when they came on board has very much moderated, and they are taking the expedition seriously and paying it the respect it really deserves, for the people are earnest and sincere and those who are nearest to the inside of things feel exceedingly optimistic.

As for myself, ocean travel has no attraction for me compared to land travel, and I very much prefer the Ford car to the Ford ship. Mr. Ford himself was a

great surprise to me—more like a saint than a business man, quite a touch of Lincoln about him, a most gracious host and perfect gentleman.

We expect to meet Ruth Edstrom in Stockholm and will surely go to her home in Vesteras, which is about two hours away. She will probably go to The Hague with us. We have lectures and discussions at all possible hours of the day and night on all kinds of interesting subjects. The eleven o'clock ordinance cannot be enforced by any means.

I hope you saw the movies which pictured the departure of the ship. There were speeches from the boat by all the big people to the immense crowd which gathered to see them off. I don't believe that any ship ever sailed with more good will to float her.

Here I paused to listen to a speech by Inez Mulholland Boissevan. It was pitch dark at 3:30. We are just two degrees south of Greenland. The ship is all lighted, lifeboats uncovered in readiness in case of floating mines. We are not bothering about life savers for the cold water would be enough.

I had just laid down my pen when the ship suddenly stopped. Of course I ran to see why—a large black ship in the distance with one bright light at the mast and a red one lower down. We watched and waited breathlessly for the next thing. Presently a rowboat came in sight with many sailors—it was too dark to count the exact number—a rope ladder was let down from our ship and four or five climbed out. How they ever did it passes my understanding, but they got here safely. After they were up a barrel and a box were hoisted up. These contained provisions to last them until we reached Kirkwall. They were met by the ship's captain and officers and took possession in the name of King George. We are all prisoners of war. This fact causes Mr. Jones to chafe, and the fact that the commanding officer is Lieutenant Jenkins, a Welshman, does not seem to help much, even though he can speak a few Welsh sentences. If we reach Kirkwall before dark we may tie up, otherwise we must float around all night doing nothing. All our names must be sent to London and O. K'd there before we proceed.

Here came another break and a standstill, for three other ships came up and saw that we were all right before we were allowed to pass on. It is now about 8 p. m. and we are anchored for the night in sight of Kirkwall. It surely seems good to see land again after so many days at sea.

Tuesday morning, December 14th, we were met outside the harbor and guided into the harbor by a tug. Mines were laid all across the harbor, a tug was placed each side of the opening through which we passed. We have read of these things in the American papers, but it seemed real fearsome to be so near them. They seemed to be placed at intervals of about twelve feet and extended all across the narrowest part of the harbor. When we got close to shore we were stopped again and met by the harbor master and were never allowed to get any nearer. The captain went on shore and Catherine Leckie, head of the press force in Mr. Ford's employ. Our Lieutenant Jenkins bade us goodbye. He had had a grand time on board and presently the officials who were to examine our passports came on. We were all lined up in the second cabin and passed before His Majesty's officers. Mr. Jones was complimented on his signature, the officer remarking that he wished he could write like that. Everything was then sent on to London, and we simply stayed where we were until this morning, when two tugs came up, one named "Pax Vobiscum," the other the "Condor," and carried off all the parcel post mail in case it might contain copper or rubber. We watched them change seven hundred huge sacks from our boat to another, and Santa Claus was ripping mad, for he felt his rights were invaded and that numberless children would have no Christmas presents from their American relatives this year. About 1:30 the captain came back with our release from London and we sailed off at 2:30. Half an hour before we left Frederick VII. arrived. We could only wave goodbye and leave her to the same process which took us three and a half days. Lying in the harbor not far from our vessel was the "Stockholm," getting ready to sail on Wednesday. Mr. Ford expected to lessen his staff of stenographers when we landed, and one man asked if he could not go on the "Stockholm." He was told he could and the harbor tug took him over. It seems he was a reporter in disguise. The movie man threw his films to him as he left in the tug. A few of the reporters were in league with him and he took their stuff along, but of course he has the scoop on all of them. There was terrific excitement over the affair. Of course I can't begin to give you the details of everything, but I promise a family lecture when I return which I think will interest you all. It was so hard not to go ashore at Kirkwall; the place looked so interesting and quaint old stone houses with slate roofs and farms beautifully cultivated clear down to the shore. The fields were green and the weather comparatively mild. Sun rises at ten and sets at three, but while it was there it was beautiful and such wonderful cloud effects. If I could only execute with my hand the pictures that my eyes beheld I could do something worth while.

Perhaps you think I have left out the great mission on which the ship is bent, but that has been discussed from morning until night and many cut and dried schemes formulated, but the heads of the party, indeed all the wise heads, know that nothing can be definitely formulated until we get to The Hague. We are groping among the shadows, but light is some-

where, and we may help it to broaden; that is all. I dread to think of all the stuff the papers may contain, but don't pay any attention to the sensations or ridicule. Mr. Ford himself is great, and whether he reaches the end or not, he is working in great modesty, faith and sincerity. E. L. J.

Henry Ford's Pilgrimage

I find myself profoundly interested in the pilgrimage of Mr. Henry Ford and associates in the interests of Peace. That Mr. Ford is sincere, earnest, full of best intentions and hopeful of best results, and actuated by the motives that have made revealers and saviors everywhere potent for good, seems to me indisputable. All the talk and hints that he aims only at self-exaltation belittle not him, but his traducers and ill-wishers.

As to the usefulness of the means that Mr. Ford has selected for making his efforts effectual, it is too early to judge. Taking him at his own word in his address to the monarchs of Europe, he does not expect to overawe by numbers, or threats, or supreme wisdom. He only hopes so to bring the idea of peace before the minds of those engaged in war that they will be moved the sooner to stop its horrors and losses and bring about a restoration of equilibrium among the nations that have thought themselves wronged. To accomplish such a purpose, he feels that only peaceful means can be employed. Surely among these the most acceptable and most potent is education in the right direction,—the education that will appeal to the governing as well as to the governed, the warring as well as the peaceful. In this age of the spectacular, the vision of such a pilgrimage as Mr. Ford's will undoubtedly impress the world, where mere talking and writing would not be noticed. To the idealist this must seem the most sensible and the most practicable way. To the practical man it must quite as surely seem but "fuzz where matter ends" and like trying to stop a tornado by whistling against it.

For us who are left behind there is, in any case, a significance in the Ford undertaking that should not be overlooked. Our own attention, as well as that of the nations of Europe, has thus been called to the desirability of peace with a clearness and volume of tone that is unmistakable to the dullest sensibilities. No longer is there any doubt that at least some of our citizens desire with intensest longing, not for "neutrality" or for "respect for international law," or for the "success" of one party or the other party, but for PEACE—for peace—blessed, all-saving, honorable, divine Peace! This to us is the clarion call of Henry Ford, wafted not only by ocean breezes, but by unnumbered prayers of America's best citizens, to the bleeding nations of Europe. This is the heart-throb that it is hoped will set up respondent throbs in the responsive minds over Europe's outraged hosts. This is a call for the realization of all that is best, not for Germany or England or France or Russia or Italy, but for them all, as may be determined by wise skill unperverted by fiendish subtlety, or unhindered by predatory greed and might.

But are we, who are at home enjoying the quiet and comfort that is in awful contrast with what the season is bringing to Europe's broken and terrorized homes, —are we remembering to help suitably to swell the note that Mr. Ford is trying to sound convincingly in ears that are so muffled by victory's false songs or defeat's sickening groans? Are we seeing to it that his efforts shall not miss their real significance to all the world? Or, are we complacently beguiling ourselves with easy disharmonizing notes of our own, or perhaps by sneering oaths that too well bespeak our greater interest in what "war does for us," even when so far away, yet so dependent upon us for what we can supply? Upon every citizen of our land the demand is imperative for an unmistakable answer to this.

It is easier to be indifferent or selfish, quite surely. But the case demands something else—the better response in every American heart. The need of today is not quarrels over "preparedness," or aspects of "neutrality," or opinions of "international law," but high resolves and firm demands that peace shall prevail all over the earth, including America, and that the victories of Peace shall now and henceforth be considered more valuable, more honorable, and more self-respectful than any sort of bloody conflict can possibly offer. Not, however, "peace at any price," but peace founded upon the value of human life rather than upon national boundaries, is the idea that is needed to be inculcated,—a peace that, being thus founded, shall be in the purposes and efforts and attainments of all, from the "reigning families" down.

But there is no room, there can be no room, for such a peace, until the world has been educated up to its desirability, and to the methods by which it may be secured and maintained. Not by war, not by any diplomacy that is yet known, not by signing this or that or the other "scheme" or "convention," can such a peace be expected with the present ideas of "patriotism" and "love of country" and a "place in the sun," and "government of, by and for the people," and all the rest, still uppermost in mind. Out of all this national and individual basis of greed and pugnacity and cruelty will the peoples of the world have to be educated persistently and long, before anything like a perpetual peace can ever be hoped for. Laws and customs that are degrading and promotive of unrest, religions and conventions that stultify and condemn, progress that feeds the fires of refined egotism, hopes that look to self-aggrandizement, and heavens that are false to every actual human endowment and purpose, —all these will have to be superseded by what the strictest investigation may discover as the more universally BEST, and what of this can be diffused by education in the minds of the children of the whole world. Let the ideas that individuals and churches as well as nations shall stop glorifying warfare, that rulers as well as subjects have no exclusive "rights," that pet "systems" of every order are not to be exalted at the undue expense of others, that everybody should have the best opportunities possible within righteous limits, and that real achievement depends quite as much upon what results to others as upon what we ourselves benefit by it—let such ideas be persistently inculcated from generation to generation, and the requisite efficiency for perpetuating international peace will follow as surely as has the efficiency for maintaining war been so fully demonstrated of late. This is the method purely and simply by which the German nation, even from so far back as the time of

Frederick I., has been brought up to its present strength and skill. The German rulers have known what they wanted, and have prepared the nation to get it, marvelously.

So may it be with respect to securing anything like a prospect of perpetual peace. But let the idea of its necessity, and the best methods of securing it, be sedulously cultivated in all the schools and from all the platforms and in the press of the world, and the practicability of perpetual peace will be demonstrable every time a serious clash of opinions or of desires shall come to pass. There ought to be no question at this stage of the world's progress about either the desirability or the practicability of such a course. A century ago the wager of battle between individuals was common. Education has very largely done away with this in our own and in some other lands. The old fetish, "personal honor," to be maintained by mortal combat has slunk into the limbo where all such inane and cruel fetishes should go. The still regnant fetish of "national honor" to be maintained by wholesale hellishness should follow, and will follow, just as soon as the world's people have been educated up to such a conception and practice.

Henry Ford in taking his party to Europe has sought impressively to make the world understand that it is time for war to cease and for peaceful industry to supervene. At the present moment it seems as if no other method could have been devised that would have been equal to this in effectiveness and goodly promise. Mr. Ford should have the gratitude of every lover of peace for discovering the psychological moment for his undertaking, and for furnishing the means for carrying it out. No sensible man supposes that peace will actually result at once. But the momentum thus initiated toward such a holy consummation will gain with every moment, and the peace finally secured will be on better terms and consequently last the longer, because of Henry Ford's Pilgrimage.

SMITH BAKER.

Utica, N. Y., Christmas Day, 1915.

THREE POEMS OF LIFE.

NOBLE UNREST.

Full satisfied? Then is your vision pent,
Then is your spirit crooked into a yoke;
Be trouble with the noble discontent
That stirs the acorn to become an oak.

HIS HAND.

What ought to be will be, we may depend;
For God is in the Ought above all worlds,
All men, all times unto the end.
The years may smite, the soul may chafe;
Yet ever in the dark his quiet hand
Steadies the Wheel of Cosmos: life is safe.

ABOUT OUR BUSINESS.

Oh, let us work with care, and yet with dare;
We are with wondrous, secret errands charged:
In this brief flare of time we must prepare
For the long business of Eternity!

The Nautilus. —*Edwin Markham.*

THE PULPIT

Heart-Searchings

A Sermon

By REV. WALTER WALSH, D. D.

Preached at Steinway Hall, London, Nov. 28, 1915

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." (Prov. iv:23.)

In popular language, the heart is the seat of the affections; and since the affections mostly determine conduct, religion rightly lays stress on the state of the heart. To be sure, the idea is unscientific and absurd; whether tested by physiology or psychology; whether we regard the heart as a lump of flesh or a reservoir of emotions; but it is a habit of speech which cannot be mended; and it is no matter. To the end of time we shall go on speaking about the heart, meaning the affections and desires, just as we shall speak of the sun rising and setting, though we know it does neither the one nor the other. This popular human way of speaking is of special use in religious exhortation. For it is "the heart" which prescribes conduct; and conduct is, as Matthew Arnold used to say, three-fourths of life. Man's loves and hates, attractions and repulsions, affinities and aversions, passions and prejudices, are all supposed to originate in "the heart;" as when Jesus said, "From within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts . . .all these evil things come from within, and defile the man." (Mark vii:19-23.)

As a good shepherd, I will try to lead you for the next few weeks in the green pastures of religious edification, by the still waters of spiritual culture. We shall cultivate the devout life. We shall give ourselves to some chastened searchings of the heart. We shall search and try and see if there be any wicked way in us, and if haply we find any we shall pray the Good Spirit to cleanse us from it, and lead us in the way everlasting. With Richard Wightman's *Soul-Spur* I invite you to

Take the lid from off your heart and let me see within;
Curious, I, and impudent, a rugged man of sin.
And yet I hold you truer than would president or priest;
I put my bowl against your lip and seat you at my feast;
I probe your wound and chafe your limbs and get my gods to see
That you are strengthened as we fare the forest and the lea.

The first searching shall be into *the tended heart.* The words of the text are those of a philosopher, whose philosophy is verifiably true. All experience teaches us that "out of the heart are the issues of life." Life is governed more by the heart than the head; hence the exhortation to "keep thy heart with all diligence." The kept heart is the tended heart. As a woman keeps her house, and a man his garden, let both men and women keep and tend their hearts; for the practical decisions of life depend upon their diligence. We must, of course, avoid the fanaticism which belittles intellect and restricts the sphere of reason; while recognizing that the heart supplies the driving power along the dusty highways of life. Therefore, says Longfellow,—

He that followeth love's behest
Far exceedeth all the rest!
—*The Building of the Ship.*

Love drives the weary or indolent person along the

path of duty. Feeling drives the student to his books and the saint to his knees. Therefore, feeling is not to be battened under hatches, still less heralded, but controlled and regulated and harnessed to the chariot of action. Emotion is not necessarily weakness to be put down. Many passions are divine in their own nature and apart from any practical results they may accomplish. There is an artistic side to religion, according to which it is precious and beautiful apart from its moral ending. It is when feeling is allowed to get out of hand, to run riot, to grow rank, that it degenerates into fanaticism and becomes a superstition. Reason must never be deprived of its right of protest. Intellect must not be dragged at the chariot wheel of passion. Desire must never be allowed to run to seed. Impulse must never blind and stifle conscience. Heart should go hand in hand with head, and submit to the leadership of will. This is the answer to the plea that we cannot help our feelings, we cannot help liking this or that person or thing or disliking the other, and therefore it is impossible to effectually "tend" our hearts. We do have a helm for our ship; a rein for our steed; a goad for our stubborn ox; and a bridle for our ass! It is perfectly possible for us to guide, restrain and modify our likes and dislikes at the dictation of the higher powers of our natures. But it is equally possible to be the slaves of feeling if we so insist. In his *Othello* Shakespeare shows both possibilities. When the villain Iago is tempting Roderigo to villainy, he exclaims: "Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts." Iago was both philosopher and cynic; and his moral essay is composed of equal parts of truth and falsehood. A man may have so nourished instinctive goodness, love of beauty and proportion and the sense of the fitness of things, that when he comes to the same moral strait as Roderigo, his traitor Will shall be unable to overthrow the balance of that virtue which has become second nature. Hence we may effectively keep or guard the heart, if we do it with diligence. Three things we must diligently observe—to watch, to work, and to wait.

If we would keep our hearts, we must *watch*. It is exactly parallel to keeping our health. If we would be healthy we must watch against excess, against the encroachments of appetite, against too little exercise as well as too much. Charles Lamb said in his quaint way, "A man cannot have a good conscience who refuses apple dumpling!" Yet, without being an ascetic, a man may refuse many things he likes,—the dainties which make him dull, the wine which leaves him silly. Therefore George Herbert said well, "Look to thy mouth; diseases enter there." (*The Church Porch,* xxii, lxxvi.) And in the same poem:

> Summe up at night what thou hast done by day,
> And in the morning what thou hast to do;
> Dresse and undresse thy soul; mark the decay
> And growth of it; if with thy watch that too
> Be down, then winde up both; since we shall be
> Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

If we keep our hearts we must *work*. I believe that in the practical duties of life as well as in its ideal aspects, more men and women fail from want of heart than head. In business, study or devotion, heart—in its original sense of courage—is more difficult to maintain than the necessary mental power. Hence a paradox—we need to work with our heads if we would keep our hearts. There is a husbandry of the moral as well as the natural world. The analogy is as old as Hesiod. Therefore said an apostle, Give all diligence to make your calling and election sure. And in one of the finest sentences in literature the writer of *Philippians* exhorts his readers, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things!" Think on these things! The brain, you see, must control and concentrate the heart. Even the revival hymn reminds its singers, "Weeping will not save you." Weeping is very well in its place and time and way; but men must also do some thinking. Emotion must crystallize into action. Dream must pass into deed. Here is all the difference between being good and being goody. Sentiment is essential to the highest development of character; but sentimentalism is a disease, a neurotic condition of the soul. It has less to do with conscience than with nerves.

When piety runs all to sentiment instead of duty, we rightly describe it as *cant*. If people sing hymns to the crucified Jesus but do nothing for their suffering neighbors, they are guilty of cant. If a swindler goes to a prayer meeting and cries aloud in ecstasy, "Hold thy hand, Lord, or the earthen vessel will break!" he is not worshipping but canting. Or when the back-biter in the next pew shouts, "No more, Lord, no more, or lend me wings!" we do not have consecration but cant. All sound without sense is cant. All sentiment without obedience is cant. All prayer without practice is cant. Let us fear cant as our great-grandfathers feared the devil. For indeed, as Carlyle says, cant is "the *materia primâ* of the devil; "from which all falsehoods, imbecilities, abominations, body themselves; from which no true thing *can* come!" (*French Revolution,* Vol. I, Chap. vii.) Let us see to it that our piety is the piety of intelligent beings,—

> Unmoved by sentimental grief
> That wails along some printed leaf,
> But, prompt with kindly word and deed
> To own the claims of all who need.
>
> —*Whittier, "Red Riding Hood."*

If we would keep our hearts we must *wait*. The task in hand is nothing less than the perfecting of the moral nature, than which no work can be slower. Many people think they can expedite the process by making clean the outside of the cup and platter, while the heart within remains uncleansed; and that is why, to the non-religious person, the religious pro-

fessor so often—like an ill-ballasted ship—seems to have a list toward hypocrisy. Well, it is hypocrisy in a way; yet it is a sort of sincere hypocrisy, if I may be allowed the paradox. In their honest zeal to be right, many people quite honestly deceive themselves. They repeat the error of the New Testament men who thought the sepulchre was clean when its exterior was white-washed, forgetting the dead bones and rottenness within,—the relics of old sins and spent passions, the ill odor of past vices and mis-gotten gains. It is so much easier to wash the hands than to cleanse the soul! So much easier to keep the Sabbath than to keep the heart! Nay, hard as the task is, I will say it is easier to keep the commandments—the whole ten of them—than to keep the heart! Religion is no real use to us unless it is spiritual and inward. Official religion never did any good to man or nation. But if we are willing to search our hearts, to search the deep places of our natures, to search behind the whitewash, and to tend diligently our inner moral being, we shall do well. Well, then, we must be prepared to wait long for the completion of the process. The tended garden must wait for its summer. The tended house must proceed through dust and chaos to cleanliness and order. The tended heart will see its harvest in the future. It must be content to tend the germs of goodness before they appear on the surface. For the most part we are weaving patterns in the dark, and must wait long till they are brought out into the light and full revealment. Now we are writing the book, only hereafter will the plot unfold its meaning. We are poor traveling players; only when the pilgrimage is complete shall we see the fifth act of the sublime drama. Haste may spoil all. Impatience may be ruin. The Roman moralist said that when the gods wish to curse a man they grant him his prayer! There is no short cut into the kingdom of truth and goodness. There is no royal road to prefection. We must wait in patience. We must wait on God. And while we wait we must watch and work. He will give us the desires of our hearts. Give thy heart to God! He will keep it—and thee—for ever!

HOUR BY HOUR.

From the shadow to the substance,
From the darkness to the light,
You and I are slowly wending
Hour by hour.

Loving deeply, bearing bravely;
Turning from the god of greed,
You and I are walking heavenward
Hour by hour.

Loving nations, aiding brothers,
Seeking ever greater truths,
You and I attune our beings to the infinite
Hour by hour.

—*Wilton E. Cross.*

Why should we expect to see divinity when we shut the eyes of the soul by all sorts of selfishness and impurity? It is the inner chamber of life which we must keep clean, filled with truth, right, beauty, if we would see God. The closet of the heart where we may meet with God face to face should be a place of purity and love, else divine purity and love will not enter to meet us there.

Nietzsche

Nietzsche, though he has passed away a number of years, continues to be the most abused and misunderstood of men. It is said he was the child of German militarism, and that his philosophy is but a rhetorical rhapsody in praise of war.

It is fashionable nowadays to sneer at philosophy which gives us our intellectual bread and without which we should perish. Philosophy is founded upon the belief that the universe is one (is consistent with itself) and its object is to understand man and give him a real, a true conception of this universe in which he dwells. Philosophy is not irreligious (as many think) only showing that, while religion is not the product of reason, it must not be contrary to reason. Philosophy has made innumerable mistakes, but our debt to philosophy has been invaluable.

Nietzsche was in a measure the child of his times, but like every man truly great, he rose above his times to be one of the world-teachers, to dispel the night of ignorance, and set free human aspirations.

There are it is true, a *small* number of unfortunate passages in Nietzsche's writings which seem to be in praise of physical war (those in his gospel of the will to power) but the *large* number are opposed to national "wars and revolutions." Nietzsche calls these "coarse-remedies" belonging to undeveloped people, and he says that as people develop wars will be those "without powder and shot, wars of *ideas* and their marshalled hosts." Does this teaching praise physical war?

This is what he said to his immediate disciples: I wish you suffering, solitude, illness, misunderstanding, disgrace, I wish you to prove whether a man has worth or not. It must not be inferred that Nietzsche did not believe in human happiness for he said in one of his illuminating sentences, man wants two things—"danger and *play*."

Nietzsche would have had no sympathy with Napoleon's boastful cruelty when he said: "A great general like me does not care a tinker's dam for the lives of a million men." In his love of the "superman" he would have agreed rather with Heroditus: "One man is equal to ten thousand if he be the best." I think he forgot sometimes in his exaltation of the "superman" that the ten thousand have their rights and should have their opportunities. Power alone is not enough. Suppose one could create a star—place one more golden candle on the altar of the Temple of Night! What would that be compared to a loving heart?

I think if those who despise this extraordinary genius would read William A. Salter's articles in the Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Methods, they would see that he had sympathy and a moral aim and that he was sowing the seeds of thought in human brains, and awaking aspirations in human hearts. Above all, if they would read Nietzsche himself, they would find in his human sand (and who has it not) as many golden grains, if not more, than in any writer of his age.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

The nobility of a people lies not in its capacity for war, but in its capacity for peace. It is indeed only because the nations are incapable of the one that they plunge so readily into the other.—*G. Lowes Dickinson.*

Democracy and the Race Problem

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY

The following extracts are from a printed address which appears in the November Bulletin of the Meadville Theological School. The address was delivered last June at a convocation of the school which covered five days, with five or six essays every day on the general subject, "Immigration and the Race Problem." It was a notable occasion which has already been reviewed in UNITY:

I.

The immigrant and race problems are naturally bracketed together. In so far as the two relate to certain belated and restricted groups presenting the same conditions of material hardship and social disesteem, the two issues are very similar. The human needs and aspirations are the same, the practical difficulties to be overcome, involving the same old elements of ignorance, poverty, disease and crime, are of like nature and cure.

Yet there is a marked difference between the cases of the immigrant and the Negro. This difference lies not in the actual nature or circumstances of either case so much as in our consciousness, personal and national. Thomas Pearce Bailey, author of "Race Orthodoxy in the South," speaks of the difficulty of impartial scientific study of the black man in this country: "Ethnological students prefer to study groups farther from home."

The point of contrast between the immigrant and the Negro may be simply stated. The Negro was once a slave or he is the descendant of slaves. George C. Cable said many years ago that the Negro was not a free man, only a free slave.

We are oblivious to the state of serfdom from which the Russian peasant sprung—it even adds an element of romantic interest to his case—but no such recollection enters into our feeling toward the man, the race, whom we ourselves captured and held in bondage through many generations.

The failure is not so much in human sympathy as in true understanding. The white man has done much to help the black man. The spirit of modern philanthropy is active in his behalf as with other groups, but our Negro problem is not be solved along lines of charitable effort. It is but one phase of a more general issue, that of our growing democracy.

No writer on this subject has shown this so clearly as Quincy Ewing in an essay which appeared a few years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "The Heart of the Race Problem," afterward reprinted by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People —the best short treatise on the subject which has yet appeared. Mr. Ewing was northern born, but has lived in the South since the war, and may be classed with that small but promising group of southern writers and thinkers who make up the New South. Mr. Ewing is not one of those northerners, domiciled in the South, whom Alfred Bushnell Hart describes as "the Southernized Northerner," "the northerner who is trying to be a southern gentleman." His essay is brief, but covers all the essential points in the controversy. Without subtlety or malice he examines one by one the popular charges against the Negro.

The Negro is lazy. Yet "the fact remains that he is sought in the fields, mills and mines of the South as a laborer whom no later importation from foreign shores has been able to replace in efficiency or popular liking." The criminal rating of the Negro is admittedly high, North and South, but Mr. Ewing bids us take note of some contributing circumstances. The Negro's criminal record must be studied in respect to the character and methods of the local justiciary. As a social outlaw he suffers from constant discriminations practiced against him and a hostile public sentiment. The insistent charge of Negro criminality "is the small politician's trump card; it serves his purpose, it wins his game." Add to this that the black man has nowhere a share in the police and constabulary forces of his community. Thomas Nelson Page, a more conservative writer, makes this same plea for a colored constabulary, which would tend to develop race pride and guard the safety of both black and white. Mr. Ewing reminds us that criminals everywhere are gathered in the main from the poorer and neglected ranks of society in Massachusetts as in Mississippi. "If the Negro did not furnish the great bulk of the grist for the grinding of our penal machinery in the South, he would be the racial marvel of this and every age."

The onus of our color problem cannot be placed on a single section. When we recall the differing traditions in which North and South were reared, the greater material suffering of the South during and since the war, the pains and humiliations on the losing side, we feel that in the present juncture the North is as culpable as the South.

This is not as discouraging as it sounds. Though the situation is grave, full of menace to both races, yet, more deeply reflected upon, it gains a force and meaning all its own, its own historical basis and placement, with wide ethical bearings which impart a kind of religious significance.

Strange and incredible as that early mistake of human slavery in the young republic must always appear, bitter as its fruits have been in every generation since, it was neither accident nor blunder, not wholly crime even, that brought the black man to these shores, the captured prey of a stronger race. There was a deep moral significance in that painful and most incongruous event, which, slowly disclosed, tends to revive faith in old doctrines of providence and divine interposition, doctrines or points of view which perhaps we have too lightly discarded.

A republic is a republic. It must be tested by every extreme of human contact and social adjustment. The Negro, yesterday a slave, has his part to play in the development of republican ideals and in the unfolding drama of western civilization. Native born, as indigenous to the soil as the white man who brought him here, he has been from the first under the same process of Americanization which is continually reshaping our national life to new issues and needs. From the first the Negro has been a lover of the flag and, pathetically but not ignobly, proud of his connection with the white man.

There, in that olden time, revealing much of social amenity and grace on one side, of barbaric cruelty and incomprehension on the other, the two lived together, the white master and his black servitor, bound often in ties of closer friendship and a very real companionship. In many cases the war had no power to break the tie. The slaves remained on the plantation to

guard the women and children, or followed his matesr to camp and burnished the arms which were to perpetuate his social servitude. Was he then ignorant of the nature of the struggle or indifferent to his own fate? Never, not even under conditions of greatest personal ease and indulgence. Personal filedity is one of the Negro's marked traits. Loyalty is expressed in some form of personal interest or attachment. What we call loyalty to principle was present also in the natural wish for freedom, but this seldom aroused the spirit of revolt. The number of runaways was surprisingly small. Despite past and present wrongs the white man remains the Negro's chief exemplar, his preferred model and pattern. In this we see a natural and praiseworthy extension of the old feeling on the plantation, together with that pride in service which ran along darker currents of sorrowful experience.

We are here brought to that parting of the ways revealed in two opposing theories of Negro education and advance, which supplement rather than contradict each other.

A Platform of Real Preparedness

That these are critical times for America in her relation to the rest of the world, no one denies. The question is, what are the real dangers that face us, and how can we best meet them? At one extreme we have the various defense leagues that are urging upon the country in great haste and excitement a large increase in armament as the only "safeguard." At the other extreme are a few serene non-residents who would have us meet every conceivable national emergency by laying down our arms. Standing between these groups is a steadily growing body of thoughtful citizens by no means to be dubbed advocates of "peace at any price," whose counsel to America throughout these critical months has been "Trust Wilson and keep your powder wet," and who see with regret that the administration has at last been stampeded into a big defense program.

So far we have been playing a rôle of negation, or at best have set remote plans for world federation against immediate demands for preparedness. Congress convenes December 6. It is high time we had a program.

This country now spends about $300,000,000 a year on national defense, approximately 30 per cent of our entire federal expenditure. Our navy ranks third in the world. In 1912 we spent about $2.65 per person for defense, France $6.65, Germany $4.81, and England $7.80 per person. Considering our geographical position and comparative freedom from international complications, our expenditure for national defense seems reasonable. If, then, our defenses are in such desperate condition as the experts say they are, is not our first move to find out how all this money is being spent? To root out the graft and inefficiency and establish good organization and modern methods? To say to Congress, "Gentlemen, before you take $500,000,000 more from our pockets for national defense show us how the last $250,000,000 was spent. Show us why we don't get better defense for our money." Surely this is common sense. By all means on the first day of Congress let us have a bill ready, calling for a public and expert investigation of the state of our defenses, with a report in three months. Let that be the first plank in our platform.

Second, national manufacture of armaments,—this we can surely demand with one voice. And the hottest advocates of preparedness must join us. For who should be more anxious than they to clear the air of suspicion, to establish beyond reasonable doubt that the anxiety for adequate defense is in all cases a disinterested anxiety?

But, the alarmist cries, this is no time for investigation and long-drawn-out debates of Socialistic legislation. This is a time of danger! Let us vote the increase first and investigate afterward. Is it really then a time for desperate, eleventh-hour legislation to save the nation? It is claimed that we need increased armament, not for aggression but for defense. Danger means, then, danger of attack, of invasion. What are these dangers that threaten us?

The German invasion war scare we need not consider. Those who in their sober moments can see in the present world situation an immediate danger of a German fleet bombarding our ports and a German army invading our country will not be reading this article.

First, then, the Philippines. There is a strong conviction that Japan is jealous of our rule in those far-off islands. Granting that these imperial "possessions" of ours do constitute a danger, it is hardly one to warrant emergency legislation. With Japan still burdened by the debt of her last war, busily engaged in securing a firm foothold in Manchuria and Mongolia, and deeply involved in the present European conflict, that danger is not immediate. We have time to reconsider our Philippine policy. And to many of us, who are out of patience with America's recent imperialistic ventures, it would seem the part of wisdom to hasten the independence of the Philippines, instead of getting ready to fight out this question with Japan. Surely there is no benefit conceivable to be gained for us, for the Filipinos, or for humanity at large, by our continued rule over those islands, which would warrant us in entering upon an international conflict to maintain that rule. By all means let America be free from incongruous possessions as well as from entangling alliances, and let Philippine independence in 1916 be the third plank in our program.

The next source of danger commonly mentioned as a reason for a vast increase in army and navy is California's oriental exclusion policy on the Pacific coast. That is a real difficulty. Here we must not merely abandon a policy inconsistent with the healthy growth of a republic, as in the case of the Philippines, but we must change our feeling about an alien race, and solve a knotty industrial problem. This will take time, and fortunately again we have time.

As a first step toward preventing war over this matter, let us on the first day of Congress appropriate $5,000,000 for an "oriental-occidental-understanding foundation," to be established in California, where the young men and young women of the West and East can study each other's national characteristics and their respective countries' problems of labor and expansion under the wisest sociologists and economists. Let us establish 500 interchanging scholarships between Japanese and American universities; let us appoint a federal commission to study oriental

immigration—its real effect on both countries—to make the facts known here and in Japan to devise wise immigration laws.

Yes, $5,000,000 or even $1,000,000,000 appropriated for some such plan as that, which would show in its very wording a friendly spirit toward the oriental peoples, would do more to avert war with Japan than $500,000,000 worth of battleships to show her we're "ready for her."

And now we come to the Monroe Doctrine, chief bulwark of the "preparedness" campaign. Are we not bound, they say, to protect those South American republics, and doesn't that mean we must be ready to fight? Surely the Monroe Doctrine as it stands contains the germs of future trouble, but again, I insist it does not constitute an immediate danger. Only a strong nation will challenge it and the strong nations will all have their hands full for some time to come. We must keep cool-headed enough to see that there is a certain security for us in the fact that most of the world is fighting. The European war is, to be sure, a warning, but at the same time it is a guarantee against immediate danger. It gives us time to think. And while we are thinking, why not seriously propose a democratic union of American republics as a substitute for the Monroe Doctrine and all its dangers?

Such a federation, already foreshadowed in President Wilson's A. B. C. gatherings, would be established first in the interests of mutual understanding and good will. And this is extremely important, for it is well recognized by international students that the Monroe Doctrine in its modern interpretations may get us into trouble with South America as well as with Europe. But our pan-American federation could stand for something more. It could stand for the maintenance of republican ideals. Thus, we should abandon an uncomfortable and possibly indefensible doctrine, at the same time preserving in modern and acceptable form its valuable feature. We should rid ourselves of the temptation to establish profitable protectorates in the South American countries and disarm the growing and perhaps warranted South American suspicion.

To make this proposal concrete, the fifth plank in the new platform might call for a small commission to confer with the other American republics concerning the advisability of forming a permanent union for our mutual benefit.

Now, many people would follow us on such a program and yet try to reserve the right to shout for preparedness at the same time, reasoning that even if we do bring our foreign policies into line with the new spirit of internationalism, there is no harm in increasing our fighting strength—we might as well be ready for trouble. Such loose thinking, such "bad psychology" makes it imperative for the pacifists to emphasize continually as a corollary to this constructive program, the great urgent reasons for holding America back from any unusual defense measures at this time.

With most of the world at war, our rights are bound to be trampled on here and there. It is a dangerous time for us—every morning we seem to face a new crisis. A fire as big as that with only the ocean between is bound to scorch us. It is only by keeping cool, by playing the hose on our roofs all the time, by stowing all inflammables and combustibles out of sight, that we can keep from catching fire. To start in just now on a great program of military and naval expansion, to spend millions on submarines and battleships, to increase the standing army, to start military training camps, to talk, to think, and act "preparation for war," is, psychologically speaking, like pouring kerosene on the roofs instead of water. Sparks are bound to fall. If they fall on cool wet roofs there is a chance of their going out. If they fall on dry roofs prepared with kerosene, what chance is there?

For those who think this country can best serve humanity by staying out of the war, a program of immediate military expansion is foolhardy. Suppose, however, we do adopt a program, and suppose owing to fortunate circumstances, to the early ending of the war, to the growing determination of sensible men not to go to war, to cool leadership at Washington, or to all of these causes, suppose we escape becoming involved in the war, in spite of our state of aggressive preparedness, is there any harm done? Yes, there is.

To one with a feeling for the deep currents of history it is clear that a destiny awaits this country, the opportunity of centuries. At the close of this greatest of wars America can, *if her people stay in the right frame of mind,* initiate some new kind of world understanding which shall make war between civilized nations unnecessary, impossible.

This is no idle dream. World peace is desired by all the real organic groups of every nation—capital, labor, science, religion, finance, etc. Interests are agreed on this that are opposed on almost every other issue. Only a method is lacking. Here, we can say without national egotism since our opportunity is due not to superior intelligence, but to fortunate circumstances, here America's opportunity lies. All our national energy and genius should be directed toward putting this idea of a world federation into workable form, acceptable to all nations. We must be ready in mind and spirit for our destiny.

Now, two opposing fervors cannot possess a mob at the same time. America cannot be thrilled with its destiny as the inaugurator of world peace, and be caught up at the same time in a kind of fear-engendered, jingo-patriotic, pugnacious emotionalism that will vote $500,000,000 for new battleships on the chance of German or Japanese invasion. The national genius cannot be directed to war preparation and *genuine* peace preparation at the same time. If we are to fill the public mind with the kind of enthusiasm which will be necessary to make us a power for world union, we cannot at the same time rouse it with pictures of Germans bombarding New York and of Japanese possessing California.

The amount of the people's monev that would be spent on the new battleships is by no means negligible; but the amount of national spirit, pride and patriotism that would be spent on such a program would beggar us for years to come so far as national action toward world peace goes.

So much for the effect of increased armament on our own national psychology. How about Europe? Will those nations watch our preparations for war without suspicion? If they do it will be contrary to all history. It is only in its own eyes that a nation

arms for defense. If at the peace when it comes, we face exhausted Europe, armed as we never have been before, with our editors boasting from San Francisco to Boston that now at last America is ready to meet the world, in what spirit would our world federation proposals be received? (If, indeed, it is conceivable that we could have intelligent proposals of that nature to make after devoting ourselves for months to preparations for war.)

This, then, is the truth about the preparedness advocates. They are urging upon us a large increase of armament; at best an emergency measure, the evil consequences of which all Europe cries to high heaven today. And *there is no excuse for it*—no emergency, no danger of immediate invasion. More, they are urging this step upon us at a time of great national excitement when it might be just enough to tip the scales for war. And finally, they urge it upon us although it means abandoning the brightest hope a nation ever had.

Crystal Eastman Benedict,
Vice-Chairman New York Branch Woman's Peace Party.

From The Survey, Nov. 13, 1915.

TO HENRY FORD'S PEACE SHIP.

Be still, ye winds, and you ye waters calm,
A precious freight now dares the wintry sea;
I charge ye save these noble ones from harm,
And let their pure and lofty purpose be
From every danger the unfailing charm,
From all mishap the full security.
For these have ventured forth to save the world
From fierce and bloody shafts now 'gainst it hurled.

See the long file of mourners passing by,
Millions on millions swell that sombre train;
The vast procession moves along with downcast eye,
Mothers and widows, and children that complain
Because no more they see him who was left to lie
On some bleak battlefield among the slain.
It is to blot out once for all such sights as these
That this heroic band now sails across the seas.

The ships that bore Columbus to this waiting land
Are dear to us, and still to memory dear
The little Mayflower with its steadfast band;
But as the years roll on, with vision clear,
Men shall deem nearer yet, more grand,
The voyage that saved the world from war's dread fear.
Humanity ne'er knew so great a gift
As, from its prostrate form, Moloch's fell heel to lift.

God bless the ship! God bless its living freight!
In such a cause there's no such word as fail.
The consecration and the love so great.
These must, we dare to say these shall, avail;
And we who stay behind, let us not idly wait,
Our prayers, our thought, we give to those who sail.
As in its heart the world shall think, so shall we see
For weal or woe its future destiny to be.

—William Justin Mann.

Written for the Boston Herald, November 28, 1915.

A Prayer

In the night of weariness let me give myself up to sleep without struggle, resting my trust upon thee.

Let me not force my flagging spirit into a poor preparation for thy worship.

It is thou who drawest the veil of night upon the tired eyes of the day to renew its sight in a fresher gladness of awaking.

In Gitangali. *Rabindra Nath Tagore.*

PEACE.

Peace beginning to be,
Deep as the sleep of the sea
When the stars their faces glass
In its blue tranquility:
Hearts of men upon earth,
From the first to the second birth,
To rest as the wild waters rest
With the colors of heaven on their breast.

Love which is sunlight of peace,
Age by age to increase,
Till Anger and Hate are dead
And Sorrow and Death shall cease:
"Peace on Earth and Good-will!"
Souls that are gentle and still
Hear the first music of this
Far-off, infinite, Bliss!

So,—or in such wise—those rude shepherds heard
The angels singing clear; when not one word
Wiser ones caught that night—solemn and still—
Of their high errand: "Peace! Good-will! Good-will!"

Ah! think we listened there,
With opened heart and ear,
And heard, in truth, as these men say they heard
On flock, and rock, and tree,
Raining such melody;
Heaven's love descending in that loveliest word.

"Peace!" Not at first! not yet!
Our Earth had to forget
Burden of birth and travail of slow years;
But now the dark time done!
Daylight at length begun!
First gold of sun in sight, dispelling fears!

Peace, pledged, at last, to Man!
Oh! if there only ran
Thrill of such surety through one human soul,
Would not the swift joy start
From beating heart to heart,
Lighting all lands; leaping from pole to pole?

Peace, Peace—to come! to be!
If such were certainty
Far-off, at length, at latest, any while,
What woe were hard to bear?
What sorrow worth one tear?
Murder would soften, black Despair would smile.

Good-will! Consider this,
What easy, perfect bliss
If over all the Earth the one change spread
That Hate and Fraud should die,
And all in amity,
Let go rapine, and wrath, and wrong, and dread!

What lack of Paradise
If, in angelic wise,
Each unto Each, as to himself, were dear?
If we in souls descried,
Whatever form might hide,
Own brother and own sister everywhere?

Till these things come to pass—
Nay, if it be—alas!—
A vision, let us sleep and dream it true!
Or—sane, and broad-awake,
For its great sound and sake,
Take it, and make it Earth's, and peace ensue!

—*Edwin Arnold, "The Light of the World."*

The function of the true peace advocate is not to deplore war but to help make peace interesting; to create a peace that shall meet war on its own terms and outbid it; a peace that shall answer the normal and proper demands of the human spirit at least as well as war now answers them.

Albert J. Nock.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

MY FRIEND, THE TOAD.

I will acknowledge at the outset that I met my friend, the toad, by accident. That is, he came into my rock garden on a prospecting tour, no doubt, and while resting on a log in a shady nook, introduced himself by a peculiar sound. It was just at dusk, so seating myself on a rustic bridge I made up my mind I would study his movements.

One couldn't brag of his beauty, unless the squareness of his figure should be considered. He was a big fellow and when he lumbered off the log he landed on his head. Surely, thought I, he hasn't much in the way of brains. Picking himself together, he cautiously moved toward the carnation bed.

For a period of five minutes or more he remained motionless. Suddenly, out shot his tongue with lightning-like rapidity and a juicy cut-worm bid good-bye to friends and earthly scenes.

"Fine boy," I said, under my breath.

I had tried in every manner possible to rid this bed of cutworms. Almost as fast as I transplanted the carnations from the propagating boxes they mowed them down. It was now my pleasure to see four of these worms pass into the world beyond before darkness covered the toad's movements.

Next evening I looked long and hard before I succeeded in discovering him squatting under the cucumber leaves. Two years in succession the bugs had ruined my vines. My love for this edible was the only thing that encouraged me to try it again this year. It was, therefore, some satisfaction when I noticed the old fellow picking off the pests.

Coming over a meadow bog a few evenings later I found another good-sized toad which I conveyed to my garden.

In order to encourage the toads to remain, I built a cement basin two feet wide by three feet in length. At the sides I set out a few shade-giving plants. In the center a few rocks were arranged. This, when filled with water, made a very attractive spot for the toads.

Before many days there were at least a dozen toads in the bog. Where they came from no one could say.

My garden, which had been overrun with insects for two years, now became healthy. It was a joy to see leaves for once free of the usual insect perforations. Slug and bug exterminators were no longer brought into service. The toads attended to that part of the work.

One evening a neighbor accidentally killed one with his lawn mower. "Here's our chance," I suggested, "to prove how great a service the toad renders."

It had a ravenous appetite; that much I knew, but of its real worth I was in doubt.

We soon had the contents of the stomach spread out on a board. Such an array of pests is seldom seen.

There were cutworms, caterpillars, thousand-legged worms, beetles, cockroaches, sow-bugs, cabbage worms, moths and cucumber beetles. A snail and a slug an inch and a half long. All told we counted forty-six noxious insects, besides flies and a few small bugs.

That settled the question as to whether the toad was a friend to mankind. Henceforth he deserved our protection and would receive it.

Talking with another man a short time later, he stated that he had counted under the microscope, in his laboratory, twelve cutworms, six caterpillars, four sow-bugs, nine cabbage worms, with a few mosquitoes, in the stomach of a toad.

My garden is free of pests. My plants healthy. I have only the toad to thank for it.

This article has an object; namely, to urge all to protect the toad. Encourage it to live in your garden by building a small bog pond, near which arrange a few slabs and rocks as a shady rendezvous on hot summer days. With this encouragement one can soon good-bye to insect troubles.

Toads have a strong homing instinct. A gardener tells of having had two in his garden for more than eight years.

A heavy tax has always been levied by pests. The toad is now proving itself an efficient check to insect multiplication and ravage. By his good works may he be better known!

We have our game laws and our bird laws. Hasten the day when we shall have such a protection for our friend—the toad! *Frederick M. White.*

Our Dumb Animals.

A NAVY TO INSURE PEACE.

Writing to the *New York Times*, "W. F." tells the following story: "The recent efforts of certain prominent men to evoke a 'peaceful navy' remind me of a story of Johnny Smithers. Said Johnny to his paternal relative one day:

"'Papa, what is a peaceful navy?'

"'A peaceful navy, my boy, is a navy

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that is large and powerful enough to keep peace,' answered Smithers, Senior.

"'How can it keep peace, papa?'

"'By intimidating or subduing other navies.'

"'Should the United States have a peaceful navy?'

"'Most certainly, Johnny.'

"'Should Great Britain have a peaceful navy?'

"Smithers, Senior, hesitated. 'Er-r, say, Johnny, don't you want to go and play with your new aeroplane?'

"'No, papa. Should Great Britain have a peaceful navy?'

"'Well—yes, I suppose so.'

"'Should every nation have a peaceful navy?'

"'Look, Johnny, those boys are having lots of fun over there. Run along and play with them.'

"'Guess I don't want to go out now, papa. Should every nation have a peaceful navy?'

"'You're not old enough to understand these things, my boy,' said the elder philosopher. 'Don't bother me.'

"'Well, papa, if another navy should attack our navy and we should subdue it, wouldn't that be keeping peace?'

"'Yes.'

"'And if the other navy was larger and powerfuller and was to subdue ours, wouldn't that be keeping peace?'

"Mr. Smithers quite disapproved of encouraging inquisitiveness in children, so he sternly bade Johhny be silent.

"The next day Johnny proudly announced to his father that he had kept peace with Jimmy Jones. 'How was that, my son?' asked the parent, scrutinizing a dark crescent under the youngster's eye.

"'Well,' said Johnny, 'I'm bigger and powerfuller than him, so I tried to intimidate him first, but he hit me and then I just subdued him.'"

(*Leaflet issued by World Peace Foundation, 40 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston. Send for copies.*)

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